X & Y

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X & Y

by Raisedyoulikeaphoenix

Summary

Will suffers from amnesia after his fatal road trip with Hannibal (in season 1) he awakens in a unfamiliar place with a cunning smile much of the devil, Hannibal sees a promise to rebuild his equal. As Will has forgotten Hannibal, and almost all memories he starts to wonder what the doctor's interest is truly. *bits stolen from silence of the lambs because it's too great*

Notes

also i have no idea how legal systems work, amnesia or in fact if mind control/triggering words awake one's memories etc, just a writer on a fusion for a soap opera type world hannibal style ft. murder betrayal and a twisting end. Some of this seems confusing, but will all eventually make sense!!! mostly it's going to be set in the pov of Hannibal, I've never really done his side and needed a change, after preface/ch. one it's hannibal. *

backflashes, and Will remembering stuff via nightmares, and also what if WILL DID kill Abigail, and the murder husbands fed off veal. ((Laughs forever at cannibal puns))

Preface

January 18, 2013:

preface:

Will couldn't believe the sight before him as he held a gun on the very man he had truly learned to trust. Inside of the Hobbs home it reeks of salt, dried blood and a unnerving scent of bleach inside the kitchen the movers had disposed of all personal effects of the home, leaving two fairly large blood stains upon the kitchen floor, one belonging to Garett Jacob Hobbs the other, his now late daughter, he finds it odd everything in the past few months boiled down to this one meeting.

"It was you, wasn't it Hannibal? Feeding lies, all while you stood watching myself fall apart, I trusted you." He cried out, raising his gun slightly.

Hannibal's wide with not fright but interest, he moved towards Will with his hand clutching the barrel, "Will drop the gun, we can walk away from all this. *Together.*" His voice makes Will sob, as his inflamed brain was set on high. He felt blind as Hannibal now held the gun, he half expected the older man to press the muzzle of the gun against him, instead the gun is dropped at their feet forgotten. "I want you to know, before your memories are eaten alive, that you may not of been the ripper...but you did play a role in this game, every memory will come back, as your memory palace is full of them." He whispers caressing his dark curls, he never wanted Will to end like this, his sweet loving Will who looked so beautiful covered in blood, unbelievable this was the same Will that had indeed murdered Abigail Hobbs.

"You were the man on the phone." Will's voice echoes Abigail's forgotten words, *if only*.

"I was, Will. I was many things just as you are, after today when you're gone from my sight, there's going to be a day and a triggered word to bring my sweet Will back." In Will's fragile mind, he kissed his lips finding the gesture less of a goodbye and of a new chapter being written.

"The ripper kissed me," Will collapses, "hann-." He stops as Hannibal sighs, he finds his phone dialing for 911, ready at will to play the victim again, he held Will's hand feeling his forehead it was the victory lap of the man's fever, come to finish him off.

"Will, remember 'King Macbeth'," in the doctor and Will's earlier sessions when Will had first realised he was losing his grip on reality, the two had found having sessions to capture the memories for when Will was well again, which due to his encephalitis was more likely that Will would never be, the trigger word would bring back everything, now he would even forget Hannibal, when the older man saw suit he would bring back his love.

He pressed *'send'*, as the emergency operator answers, he draws back all his emotional hold on Will, letting the chain of events take hold. Beginning with him reluctantly handing Will to Chilton. Difficult as it seemed, it would work out in the end.

"911 what is your emergency?" The perky voice asks, and Hannibal unwinds his lie.

"I have been attacked...."

It Begins

February 20, 2013:

It is dark, Will isn't sure if it's day or night. Always dark, his windows are barred, unable to see the world unfolding before him. He knows his name, the day. He could remember the doctor that has a habbit of clanging his cane with each frustration, Dr. Chilton who was consisting that Will had to remember something anything, the curly haired man always told him no, the last few months of his life were ripped away at much now believed a new stronger form of his fevered brain, it had seeked out to destroy him, now as his brain returned to normal with a right dosage of antibiotics and some sloppy meals he was in most terms repaired.

My name is Will Graham, I am in Baltimore Maryland. Not knowing the time he associated the orderlies with night or dayshift.

Repaired but not free.

He hears Matthew and knows it is daytime, Grimes came in at noon and Barney stuck around until seven am, he had the nightshift, they were the only faces he could associate with the names, the rest were a blank draw.

As Matthew Brown a man with a silent but with a observable attitude, slides his meal through the meal slot, Will sniffing at it brought a bleak set of eyes on himself. It was scrambled eggs, toast and a shitty cup of coffee even with his memory wiped he still missed his cheap bag of Folgers and his favorite chipped blue mug he refused to toss out. The sludge coffee goes down his throat, he tries not to taste it finding anything besides the pills they crammed down his throat were better. When Matthew made an attempt of a conversation, Will nods at the right pauses.

Morning more or less was Will's least favorite part of the day, he knew after his small portion of a breakfast, Dr. Chilton would come to collect him taking him to a small room to ask him questions and handing him a small cup of water that tasted somehow raw, no matter how much he drank he still couldn't get the choking feeling of pills out, he dimly recalls the healing ways of Dr. Chilton who pressed him for information anything even a small tick, instead Will asked about what he remembers his dogs, Alana and if he would be released anytime soon. At each request Chilton's icy personnel became only colder, he would signal at Brown or Grimes to fetch Will taking him back to his poorly lit cell, Will had no visitors besides the hospital staff, and no one would tell him why he was there. Today as he bites down on the stale toast a new face emerged from the darkness, a man with a perfectly tailored suit his body appearance out of touch with the criminal asylum, he blinks seeing as the man's face came into full view, he was fair haired with eyes that were a deep chocolate, sparkling like rubies even in the dim surroundings.

He stands behind the line so that the patients couldn't cause harm towards their visitors, Will remembers Miggs who celled next door to him who considered every word from the man's

vile tongue distasteful, today Miggs slept after switching to a much heavier dosage of medication to control him making a zombie out of his behavior, he had been known to throw semen and body fluids at passing hospital staff who quickly learned of his tricks, orderlies and nurses held a shield when delivering his pills or food, if Will heard correctly the man had murdered his sister's boyfriend picking apart his brain for fun, in fact he nearly killed his sister.

It held the ominous feeling for Will to be Miggs neighbour, that he too had done something awful to end up here.

The man observed with a mild interest, before stepping over the line he links his fingers around the cold steel bars, "Hello Will. I am Dr. Lecter." He says in a voice Will couldn't place in any of his memories, it was foreign and new, he looks through the lenses of his glasses unable to look directly at the man's eyes.

"Hello Dr. Lecter." Will says dryly tasting the sludge of coffee.

The doctor cocks his head as if he remembers something, "not fond of eye contact are we now?"

Will shakes his head staring at his laceless shoes, "eyes are distracting....I start to wonder are those whites really that white or is that a burst vein, does he have hepatitis?" He rambled on, "which leads me to my next question, where is Chilton?"

Hannibal sighs, dusting off his suit. "Chilton holds other matters this morning, so I volunteered my services as a favor towards a old friend."

Will opens his mouth to speak before shutting it again, he feels itchy in his blue jumpsuit he longed for a pair of decent jeans and shirt. Now as he watched the new doctor before him wondering how it could go wrong.

He touches the wound in his arm from being shot, he remembers that Jack Crawford had to take him down, Will was out of his mind and from what he learned he had murdered multiple times all while unconscious. He remembers very little if at all those evenings, he closes his eyes.

"I'll do it."

The doctor guides him into a plain room, there's a table with handcuffs in the middle of it. The ordely Grimes cuffed Will's hands with a twist of his wrists incase he was going to try anything funny, Will held no intentions he remembers the last patient who had escaped he didn't make it besides three blocks before Chilton sicked his orderlies and security upon him.

Needless to say as Will saw for once a window in the room, it was day and it was snowing, he wonders idly if his dogs were enjoying the weather. Hannibal sits down from across Will, he held a file that was thick he opens it sliding a few photographs, from the looks of it crime

scene photos. Will may of forgotten the last six months of his life but he has never forgotten his rare insight on playing the role of the serial killer who climbed into Will's mindset.

He touches one, holding it up. The photo shows a body of a woman who's skin was all nearly missing. She laid in a small riverbank stripped of all dignity, nude and exposed for the world to behold and see.

He sets it down reaching for a new photo, it was another woman except this one had been done messy, she had been displayed in the backseat of her car skin missing and nude. Will decided not to look at the other remaining photos, wondering why a doctor would hold such things.

"Why are you showing these to me?" He asks feeling a wave of nausea run throughout him, his pathetic breakfast threatening to come up.

Dr. Lecter retrieved the photos, "Agent Crawford refused to visit you and Dr. Bloom is still in a state of shock, but your gift is going to go to waste behind this confined walls. There is a murderer on the loose, he is killing young girls stripping of their skin, the girls hold no real connection to other, one was from Mississippi another from Maine, these girls are of a fairly large size. No activity of sexual abuse nor rape is countered, he simply stripped their skin." Dr. Lecter holds out a newspaper headline with a grim title, **Buffalo Bill strikes!**.

Will touches the paper his eyes widening at the newest victim a Catherine Martin a daughter of a governor in Texas, she was attending college in Baltimore when she went missing, her car was still idling with her groceries in the passenger seat, she hadn't even made it up to her dorm. Apparently from a eyewitness account, the girl had see a man struggling to move a sofa, being kind she volunteered to help. A dangerous choice, the man had her climb inside the van before hitting her in the head, driving off with her into the night.

Catherine Martin was believed to be victim number five, and if the bureau didn't act fast her corpse was bound to show up any day. It was already day two of her disappearance, besides a discovery of moths lodge inside the victim's throats and the van that turned up completely wiped down with only Catherine Martin's personal belongings inside.

Will stares back, "so I am going to consult on this case, and find the killer before he skins her too?" Will says doubtfully, "why can't Jack do his job for once, why even when I'm sick, he still pushes me."

Dr. Lecter only nods with a deep fascination, "do you wish that the killer goes free? While another mother loses a child? Will this doesn't sound quite like you." He says suggesting that in a previous life Will would of been determined to search the earth for the killer.

A rush of anger clouds his vision, "*how would you* even know? Dr. Lecter you know absolutely nothing of me." He suddenly wants to cause a scene so the orderlies would restrain him taking him to solidarity, instead a cool hand touches his bare arm alarming him.

"Will it would surprise us both how much I know you," Hannibal lets go of his arm, pulling out a new file, "you were accused of being the Chesapeake Ripper with enough evidence, you should receive the death sentence, that is unless you are willing to cooperate." Dr. Lecter says

in a matter of fact tone, he pushes out to Will a file in which his very own face looked back at him, his eyes in a frenzy. His hair looked oily as he held a tired smile, he doesn't remember really taking the photo, his waxy yellow skin made himself cringe.

"You took this two weeks ago, after you were caught. Having you vomited up an ear, you weren't just killing victims but *eating them*, do you remember?" He displays numerous photos ones of girls impaled onto stag heads, it took a moment to realise it was the same girl. Another photo of a man's guts scattered across a school bus aisle, his eyes marvel over the last photo of a older man, he held half a dozen or so tools on top of his work bench, his blood darkening around-.

Will tosses the photos all into a messy heap the girl's impaled body is on top of the pile, he shivers as Dr. Lecter did not yell or even signal for the orderlies to take Will away, "if that is what made me sick, killing all those people....I didn't do that. I couldn't of." He doesn't bother mentioning the fact he digested human flesh and organs.

The evidence said otherwise, he remembers Matthew telling him of Will's home being raided, and the stories kept piling on. His fishing lures had bits of Cassie Boyle's skin and hair, in his deep freezer was enough human meat to support the cause, sadly even DNA couldn't identify every victim Will had killed. So many were to remain unknown until Will's trial began and until his condition was better, that could be weeks, months from now. He recalls Matthew showing him an article on *Tattleteller.com*, Freddie Louds held enough things to say of Will Graham, asking why Jack trusted such an unstable agent.

"In time Will, you shall come to see things aren't what they seem...now let us try again." He says quietly, holding the Buffalo Bill file, "what do you see?"

February 21, 2013:

Will after much effort and coaxing of Dr. Lecter learned with his mind of Buffalo Bill, that the killer was strictly targeting large women for at least awhile, until he was granted the opportunity he launched kidnapping the woman forcing her to starve for a week or so, as her skin loosened easily for the killer to remove afterwards. A mild lunch later, as Will ate the meal Dr. Lecter provided roast beef sandwiches on rye bread with tea, he focuses on the snow falling outside when it hits him.

"He is making a suit, one of human skin. H-he is skillful in tailoring, perhaps he runs his own business or works at home..." He looks at the pictures again, not speaking until later when Chilton cane and all was running into the small room, telling Will Governor Martin was on the phone and wished to speak with him.

As Will was handed a cell phone, one that preferable belonged to Chilton, he points out his cuffs an orderlie removes one, Grimes if Will was correct. "Hello? Ag-." He stops remembering he wasn't anymore a FBI agent than he was a serial killer, "Will Graham speaking."

"Will, hello..I am Governor Martin, from what I've been told you've discovered a key piece of evidence?" Her tone is cautious, he could hear fear beneath the official standard, even after you peek behind the curtain seeing a strong figure, humans could only be strong for so long before their weakness is revealed. Governor Martin's was her only daughter.

"I am trying the best I can, your daughter is going to be reunited with you, but first I would like a few arrangements." Will earns a Chilton who held his hand out for his phone, failing.

Will pays no attention to Chilton, "I wish to be free of this hell hole, even if I am monitored with a god damned tracking bracelet..." He sneers, as Chilton is disgruntled.

Governor Martin, is silent. "Will, I am afraid I do not wield power towards your freedom." Her voice is grim.

Will wants to throw his lunch, "then you won't see Catherine *again* her bloated corpse turns up in a riverbank, and I hope you have a nice fucking funeral." He ends the phone call, with Chilton collecting his phone, "she'll call back."

Chilton stands unsupported, "you just had to piss her off? Didn't you? Now she'll be out for blood, blaming everyone...." Baffled he leaves the room, asigning Brown to watch him.

Will still had almost the day to figure out the killer's identity.

As Will thumbs the photographs, a few hours later Chilton hands him the phone without a word, he already knows who it is. "Martin? Have we got a deal?" He establishes the woman was crying on the other side of the phone, strangely he felt no pity.

"You have my word, find my daughter and your freedom is granted. Find her Will." She chokes, with that Will hands Chilton the phone back.

On the desk, Will finds the business card the only thing that was out of place, no serial killer went around drawing attention to himself, easily looked over by police alike, Will himself didn't realise it until moments ago.

"Tell Crawford to look at this one," he hands a business card that one of the woman held on her from a job she worked at, "Jame Gumb is your golden ticket."

February 23, 2013:

Two days later, Will is dressing into his normal clothing a blue sweater that was surprisingly larger than he remembers, obviously during his time locked away he had lost weight, his jeans fit on the tightest knot on his belt, he received a ankle bracelet around his left ankle, as if he truly was a threat to escape. He watches the small tv both Grimes and Brown are sucked into, with two different stories ongoing one with a Catherine Martin holding onto dear life of a small fluffy poodle, her blonde hair limp and clamped with dirt. With Jame Gumb dead, the rookie FBI agent Clarice Starling had handled it all, she placed a dark green blanket around the young woman, both held gratitude.

Another flick of the remote, a new body had been discovered. Much of the handiwork of the ripper, as Chilton barked an order telling Barney his head orderly to clean up Will's cell, Brown lowers the ankle bracelet his eyes squinted at tv, "it looks like you aren't the ripper." He says in awe, "maybe-". He stops as Chilton strives in, his face damp with sweat.

"You can take Will to the information desk, his ride shall be here momentarily." He eyes the tracking device, "just put it back, it appears you Mr. Graham have been framed and the ripper held a ounce of guilt, if I were you..speaking as a friend." He awaits until the orderlies were gone, he lowers himself to Will's chair.

His eyes unbelievably full of fear, "get away from here, go. Fly to a new place forget everything and everyone here." He croaked, "the ripper isn't known for kindness, not many killers do." He winces feeling the weight from crouching on his abdomen from Abel Gideon's operating game merely months ago. It was the reason why the man had difficult walking, Will remembers before becoming a guest here, when the doctor walked with stride unharmed by anything that was thrown his way.

Now the doctor was a poor shadow of himself, one that survives, trudging through life.

Chilton until now held no reason to free Will, "you are afraid of someone? Aren't you?" Will whispers at the man. "Someone's threat-".

Matthew walks back into the room with a familiar figure in tow, a Dr. Lecter, with a bemused expression sliding across his face. Will wonders how much the two heard, looking at Matthew who was engrossed with his phone, obviously not much, Dr. Lecter held his long trenchcoat, Chilton stands up trying to regain his professional standard. It worked for a moment seeing that he snapped at Matthew to check on Miggs and Gideon, he gladly leaves following Matthew out of the room.

Leaving Dr. Lecter and Will, who focused on his shoes, finding his boots too dirty in the presence of the doctor, "you're my ride?" He asks, finding himself able to look through his lenses seeing the doctor's dark brown eyes spark.

"Correct, now Will...since in your absence, your dogs are in the state care, most have gone to loving homes, I believe although Dr. Bloom has two of your dogs....Winston and Bells." He adjusts his shoulders as if answers any annoying questions Will would have. "You can call me Hannibal."

Will tries not to think of his beloved stray family, he shivers. "Can we go? If I stay here longer I might achieve Stockholm-".

Brown and Grimes were running into the small office, pushing the lockdown button as they exchanged panicked looks among each other, Will follows Hannibal out the room passing a distressed scenario before them, Miggs cell was opened with a glassy eyed man looking up at them, his body spawned out dead.

"Swallowed his god damned tongue, the vile fuck." Will overheard Grimes, "pernicious fuck."

In a brief moment Hannibal places his hand on Will's shoulder, "there is nothing more to see here Will, your life is beyond these doors."

Will looks once more catching Chilton's blank face, filled with fear..it seems that his asylum was falling apart. Outside there was crystallized snow, untouched. Will took it all in, finding the cold air slicing through him like a knife, he finds slow quiet tears freezing upon his face, Hannibal moves away from stairwell beckoning him towards the parking lot,

As Will climbed into Hannibal's Bently, he could hear the all too familiar police sirens. Closing his eyes he finds himself blocking out the noise which was all white noise now to Will.

There was the matter of Will's living conditions, Hannibal wasn't certainly going to drive an hour to Wolf Trap to place him back in a home that was a hot zone for a crime scene, not to mention the trail of reporters and media prepared to savagely attack Will hounding him with dozens upon questions, instead as Hannibal turned into his driveway, earning a curious glance from Will, during the hour ride over Will had been silent, staring out the window, at one point Hannibal could of sworn he heard snoring. It was dark, with the sun setting it made Hannibal's elegant home cast an eerie shadow.

"Where a-are we?" Will yawns, thick with drowsiness, in this moment Hannibal sees the young man glowing curious of the world, he cherished the moment for a happier moment in his palace.

Hannibal shuts the vehicle off, his eyes yearn to Will. "Well, this is my home." He answered, *you have been here dozens of times, the last trip proving fatal, after you escaped the FBI's protection you came here.* He doesn't bother mentioning, "your home is uncertain for the moment, with your recent release...I didn't want you overwhelmed with the media."

Will sighs opening his door, "which matters why?" The cold winter air is let in, making the car instantly freezing.

"Simply Will, for your road to recovery I believe it is best you stay here, for a short term of days, then when the flames of your name die out, I'll let you go home." He explains exploring the situation. *Except we'll be here less than a month, for our new lives await in Florence...*

Will grunting, stands in the doctor's driveway, "keeping track of the loony? Chilton give you that job?"

Hannibal walks up the stairwell, opening his warm home Will welcomes immediately. "Will you're not a looney or insane, just falsely accused."

Will drooped his shoulders, unsure why the doctor held a large interest over him at all.

"That is saying a lot. You barely know me."

Hannibal resists rolling his eyes in a childish manner, instead closes the door behind the two, "would you care if I treat you to dinner? You clean up, and in the guest room, there's clothing that should fit you more suitably."

Will nods, "thanks? Uh which way?"

Of course Will wouldn't remember, those evenings when both were covered in blood tangled in their own bloodshed of spiderwebs, now it was almost reseting the clock, for time had not changed for Hannibal, Will was at the core again.

"Upstairs, the first door on the left and across from it is the guest room."

Will leaves the older man, Hannibal removes his coat hanging it on a hook he helps himself to the kitchen deciding that a old southern meal was in due order for Will's roots. Inside his fridge he finds a ziplock baggie filled with meat that once belonged to a female who abused animals, far suitable for this evening as he planned to wine and dine a animal lover, "gumbo." He closes the door, wondering how long it would be until King Macbeth shall rise from the grave.

Much sooner than he'd realise.

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January 7, 2013:

He arrives at Hannibal's home, his hands shaking as he rips the keys from the ignition, with all noise clouded, he removes himself from the driver's seat, his nerves hypertensioned at the sight of the blood that coated his sleeves, he cries out knowing Abigail Hobbs was in his trunk, she had known too much and simply had to go. He remembers confronting her in her father's old hunting cabin, her smile exposing the sharpness of her teeth, she knew what Hannibal was.

"He is the Ripper, Will....if we go to Jack we can be placed in witness protection...he'll go away and so-." She hesitates seeing as Will grabbed ahold of her small brittle bones, a design coming into place, "Will- s-stop!" Her voice coarsed at the man who once sat in a emergency room for hours awaiting on her condition.

"What makes you think even for a moment, that I am not as dangerous?"

Her voice is hitched, "because you've never killed anyone. Please Will-."

It was a sad excuse of a lie, both knew better. Will had ended her father's life after pumping six bullets into the madman.

Angered Will pushes her against the wall hard enough for blood to drip down her forehead. The scent of rust and salt stinging Will's nostrils.

"Turn him in? What about you Abigail? You aren't so innocent, tell me..were you the lure or the hunter?" His grip managed to dislocated her left shoulder, her eyes stare in horror as she cries out.

Abigail looks back in shock, "does it matter? My father is dead," another crucial snap.

"Tell me." Will hisses through his teeth.

"The lure, and sometimes the hunter." Her voice screams in agonized pain, "please don't-."

Will sees a few remaining deer's antlers, upon his anger for thinking of turning Hannibal over was sheer madness, he lifts her small body as she fought, begged for her life, he hears nothing. "Nothing personal, Abigail. I just don't trust you." As he shoves her body matching Cassie Boyle's merely two months ago, in the same fashion her organs are ruptured and as she bled out the blood staining the floor, she moves a hand out as a final gesture to Will as her adoptive father, he couldn't let her die here.

No. Will removed her from the wall of antlers, her eyes were already glassy gone, in a quick motion he carried her out to his trunk lowering her body.

Driving away is a blur to Will, he finds himself on the freeway, his instincts guide him to a familiar neighbourhood, with darkness as his shield he removes himself from the car he didn't feel like Will Graham, no that man was gone for the next few hours, in the shining distance was a light on the porch. As if he ripped a mask from the FBI teacher, the consultant, the lovable but awkward man who had more dogs as friends than humans, he takes a step towards Hannibal's doorsteps, ringing the bell he sees the older man with a cautionary attitude, before either speak he wraps himself around Hannibal finding his dark lips he kisses him hungrily, their daughter's blood staining them both.

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present:

Will awakes in a cool sweat, his eyes zone in to see he was in Hannibal's guest room, he was dreaming again of a girl with butcher blue eyes and dark chestnut hair, warning him of something. He holds the glass of water the doctor had provided for him, his mind was still repairing the loose wiring retraining old memories to new ones, already he was out for not even two days and he was losing it. He relaxes, allowing himself to stare at a painting in the guest room, it was a scene from summer in France? Italy? He shuts his eyes pretending he is there instead of his strange nightmares that plague him.

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Hannibal seemed to be a king, for everything was in his court. He had his jesters, the FBI, he had his fellow lost king in waiting, who seemed dearly eyed and a blank canvas for now, he also had his enemies close, Chilton and Lounds. After calling in to Chilton this morning using a fellow victim's mouth before he saw suit for her dinner needs, she had read everything flawlessly even for a moment believing she would go free, as the phone call ended, so did her. Snapping her neck, was easily done. Snapping the phone proved more differently.

Lounds was a matter Hannibal would attend to if the flamed haired woman decided to publish something in ill matter of Will, her venomous tongue was awaiting for a right kind of

monster to bite it off. With all annoyances he paid handsomely a favour for Chilton convincing Miggs a rather foul wolf in sheep's clothing to swallow his tongue, no one would be able to trace.- He smiles remembering seeing Will listen to the disgusting ways of Miggs, and not a loss to the world with Miggs gone.

Hannibal had a way with words, and he wanted to see what would happen. In curious fashion the man somehow choked to death on his tongue.

Coaxing was the easy part, and much to his surprise it was a area where the camera could not see.

Hannibal was making final arrangements for Florence, on his tablet he knew the housekeeper had been the only single person inside for the past two years, often finding nothing to clean in his home in Florence. He already booked a flight under a false name for the two, finding it simple. With Jack and his crack team looking at the wrong places for the ripper, Hannibal was free to roam as he pleased. No one gave a second glance at him for taking in the very man that had 'attacked him.'

Some had called it a second chance to rehabilitate Will, some like Alana and Jack frowned upon letting Will stay with his former psychologist, when in fact Will and Hannibal were never patient/doctor, so it rules out the questionings of Hannibal's intentions for now. He knows the two couldn't stay much longer in Baltimore, in fear of being caught or Will being taken away.

He sets the tablet down, remembering it was nearly dawn. He couldn't sleep, not while their was things to do and people to meet. He intends to serve Will a excellent breakfast before having Uncle Jack receive a present on his front porch, Abigail's head which would comfortably suit the bureau's interest for some time, if they indeed arrived to question Will he would be the young man's achor to guide him in these stormy days, with himself satisfied he spied on Will who was fast asleep he moves downstairs finding eggs, sausage (from a kind donation) soon enough the smell and relaxation of the kitchen makes him almost his home phone was ringing off the hook, he lets it ring.

Will trotted down the stairs, in a dire need for a decent cup of coffee and a healthy meal. He wore a large t-shirt and his boxers, Hannibal tried his best to rid Will of his goodwill fashion choices finding the more expressive clothing suited him although Will hadn't touched the silk pajamas the doctor had purchased, he hangs his head finding a mug for Will he fills it to the brim with coffee, almost instantly the young man perked up a little.

"Good morning Will, sleep well I assume?" Hannibal pushed a tray with fluffy scrambled eggs, three pieces of sausages and sourdough toast with four different toppings, butter, jellies,apple butter and cream cheese, Will's eyes were the size of saucers as he bit down on the sausage.

"Good morning Hannibal," he says inbetween bites, "I slept well, except I had a nightmare." His blue eyes bore into Hannibal's own, for a moment Hannibal sees a spark of intelligence the old Will who once gutted a disgusting man for his human trafficking ring, it made him want to wrap his arms around his frail body to take him away.

Instead the spark is gone, "a nightmare? What of?"

Will sets his fork down, and Hannibal can smell the change in the air fear, sweat tingled the man, "a girl? I think she was a victim from a case, in the dream I I killed h-her, but not before she was trying to warn me of something dreadful." His voice cracked, as Hannibal resists from slapping him the anger that boiled beneath his skin was astonishing, he wonders how many drugs and shock treatments he placed Will through.

A bitterness taste much like cold steel invaded his mouth, he invites Chilton in his mind palace strapping him to a operating table as Will and Hannibal disembodied the doctor making what Abel did child's play.

"Will, I believe when Chilton's mishandling dosage of drugings leave you, the nightmares shall decrease, don't be afraid if it plagues you I am here." Hannibal moves his gentle hand coiling it around Will's own like a snake.

Will stiffens, yet he doesn't move away from the small gratification.

"What if I am a monster? If I killed all those people, and-."

The phone rings again, intruding the moment. Both men look at it, Hannibal reluctantly uncoiled the young man's hand earning a slightly rosebud coloured Will, who's eyes focused on his eggs saying nothing, in perfect timing Hannibal retrieved the phone, with Jack on the otherside.

He wanted to slam the receiver to be rude, it wasn't in the doctor's nature and he still needs Jack on his side until he found him useless.

"Hello Jack." Hannibal says effectively. "I didn't see your calls until now."

Jack is silent almost, "Hannibal, the bastard killed Abigail. I don't know how but when Bella got up this morning she found Abigail's head sitting in a god damned empty cake box..."

A small mistake that Bella had seen Abigail's head, unfortunated but it seemed to play a better role in Hannibal's game.

"Her head? What do you mean?"

"The ripper whoever he is, took her head leaving a shitty gift for me, and Bella of course she got up first to see it..now not only is my home a crime scene but the fucker knows where I live."

"I am sorry, and as for Abigail such a loss for a young life that had yet to begin."

There's a pause, "is Will Graham there?"

"Yes, and Jack before you release your hounds once again let it be known he has been here the whole evening, in fact we're having breakfast."

"Will is dangerous, Hannibal he was barely cleared of murder and he kidnapped you yet here you are letting him back in your life with open arms, amazing." Jack says sourly.

"I believe everyone deserves a second chance, and you Jack need to realise Will isn't *your man*, let him go."

There's a slur of swears before the line goes dead, Will looks at Hannibal while he placed raspberry jelly on his toast unaware of the conversation.

"Now Will, perhaps we'll visit Alana and recover Bells and Winston, but first finish your breakfast."

Will obeys, finishing his meal.

Keep Your Heart

Chapter Notes

> Holy Moly i have gotten for once some positive feedback!! let it be said im going to try and update this 2x a month, my actual life is busy but im not abandoning this, thanks xo.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will sits still his fingers cuffing the fast fading scars from his restraints, as he pulls his flannel sleeve down Hannibal enters the car again in tow a stern Alana Bloom with two familiar faces, Bells and Winston. It took every ounce of self control not leap from the car like a schoolchild, he contains his glee when Hannibal escorts him to the driver's side.

Alana smiles a little too big as Will got to his knees petting his two remaining stray family members, she moves away from him, he tries not to let it bother him, instead he pretends to be engrossed with Bells new collar, "looking good girl." He grasps her fur instantly smelling like a dog again, in the corner of his eyesight he sees Alana and Hannibal standing near each other.

In a way he doesn't like it.

"Hannibal, why is Will Graham at your home? Shouldn't he be in a rehabilitation, as I recall you were nearly killed yourself by Will." Her voice is grim unable to hide the sour in her words. "Unbelievable."

Hannibal's nails dug into his palm, under his gloves he could feel the blood oozing inside. "He didn't attack myself Alana, simply he was misled into believing he was a killer, the ripper is still out there, perhaps he framed Will?" He suggests, he could feel the blood staining the cuffs of his cream colored dress shirt, if Alana asked anything else he thought about lashing out gutting Alana in her very own driveway, he respected Alana very much and it would be a great loss to the world if she was gone.

He regards the fact Will was inches away being sniffed, licked upon. He savours Alana's blindness, knowing it would pain Will to see the doctor's dark side unleashed. Instead he looks back at Will who was distracted apparently with his dogs, Alana hands him a bag of dog food.

Her cool blue eyes flick back to Will, "Hannibal when you come to your senses I advise you to give me a call, for now do take care." Folding her arms across her chest, she gasped in the cool February air her mouth opens as if she was going to say something a little more heartfelt to Will, who not so long ago showed his feelings for her.

"Alana, do not worry- Will is on a steady path to recovery. If at all trouble occurred, I shall call on you." Hannibal reminds her strongly that he was the one pulling the strings, in his

theater.

Her eyes linger once more then before her emotions can overpower her, turning on her heel, she walked back inside her garage closing it in the process.

Very much to Hannibal's distaste for Alana's behavior, he values her approach towards the very fact Will was his, at most.

_____

The next afternoon Hannibal was sitting in his office, with a weaping Franklyn across from him. He had managed to tone out the small pitying of Franklyn who was wading up tissues faster than Hannibal could blink, what the doctor wanted was to lurk back to his tablet to see how Will was behaving by himself, with Bells and Winston to entertain him, he had prepared a simple breakfast for the two before leaving for the day.

Hannibal had several hidden cameras along the household and he had made sure to hide the trapdoor in the pantry, it was locked and with Will's memory still in shambles it would be a long time until he remembers the hidden basement that held unhindered horrors beneath, in fact Hannibal still had some of Abigail's organs in the deep freezer, he was saving them for a fest when Will was ready to know the truth of his part in the ripper's murders. Before Franklyn's visit, Hannibal had enchanted himself with his lunch period spent watching Will play catch with his two dogs in the backyard, even as Hannibal ate his sandwich slowly, the hour past quickly and now almost twenty minutes into his session with Franklyn he was growing more annoyed by the minutes.

"Dr. Lecter? Is it alright if I told you something rather personal?" Frankyn's hands were tangled in his snot rags, Hannibal ticked his tongue in disgust, only Franklyn didn't notice the unnerved gesture.

"That is what this hour is for, to tell of your troubles and woes in your life to reflect as I offer advice-."

"My friend Tobias is a murderer." More rude behavior and as the answer did not send waves of shock throughout the doctor, he pulled his best attempt was enough for Franklyn to twist his pig like face into an emotional sob.

"That is quite an accusation Franklyn, what led you to believe so? Has he threatened to harm you?" Hannibal cocks his head, "has he showed you things?"

Franklyn who was obviously enjoying the small amount of attention looks up with his red eyes, "lately he's been saying strange things, like maybe he should kill his pesky neighbor who plays her music too loud, but what scared me the most was I found Tobias with blood, soaked in blood one evening when I arrived to attend a dinner party with him, he claimed it wasn't what it looked like...but I have no where to turn to." He grasped for the tissues again with Hannibal more than willing to hand them over.

"The question is Franklyn, have you decided to go to the police with this information? For it might be wise to seek out authority help." Hannibal toys with the idea of ending Tobias's life,

only he seeks Will's help with the task.

"I didn't know what to do, it seemed like a good idea to tell at least my psychiatrist, and he is my friend...I couldn't just-." A fit of Franklyn crying into his tissues that crowded Hannibal's small table.

"You couldn't do the right thing, because you believe your friendship is far more valuable?" Hannibal lays a hand on Franklyn's thigh, it coarsed his skin reminding that the pig may of longed for Hannibal's love and admiration, the gesture was enough for him to gain access into Franklyn's foolish trust.

"No..maybe..."

"I believe it is only polite if I insist on you both joining myself for dinner. Let's say seven?"

Most psychologists would immediately flock to the police for help, some would agree that Hannibal's methods were unorthodox.

Franklyn stopping his crying was music to his ears, as he smiled. The monster beneath Hannibal's charade of humanity was cracking at the edges.

"It would be my treat."

Chapter End Notes

Ooh super super sorry about the small bit when it goes from will's pov to hannibal's. I swear it was a common mistake. Also sorry for the short update and delayed update, the next chapter will be longer and perhaps murder husbands action...

Who are you really?

Chapter Notes

> Short update!! I am writing more, but decided to update since yikes its been almost a year since I have updated. No worries there is more to come!!

Hannibal was a man of his word, as he had sent Will to the dry cleaners giving him plenty of money and telling him if he pleased to stop by the pet store, sending Winston and Bells along for the ride. He was chopping away as he heard a small creak in the kitchen floor, with his catlike reflexes he sees in peripheral vision he sees a dark figure creeping towards him, with a smile spreading slowly on his lips. He knew it was rude not to bid hello to a *dinner guest*.

Turning to face the figure and the sweat that poured from his temple, “hello Tobias...may I ask where *Franklyn is* after all he was awfully enthused about tonight’s dinner plans.” Hannibal grinned baring his white pointed teeth, daring him to take another step. The man looked exhausted, his blazer had holes and gashes as if he had been in a fight already, his face scowling at Hannibal and using his left hand to cover the blood that poured from a wound. It seemed someone had fought back.

“Franklyn came to my home today saying something about a dinner party,” he spat angrily cornering Hannibal balances himself awaiting for the worse, Tobias takes another step forward and Hannibal wrinkles his nose. The man did not smell the likes of a pig, instead he inhaled a scent of another predator one that seem old and as majestic as himself. Only to his dismay Tobias held a knife beneath his torn and ragged pocket, “I usually did not mind Franklyn, always kind and and perhaps a friend to myself.” He lunges at the older man, caught by Hannibal’s strength as he latches onto his right arm slamming it down and he hears it crack followed by Tobias wailing in pain, he wasn’t going down yet. Standing up with a limp arm that resembled a wet noodle. “Tonight I was going to endure a pointless dinner with him, and then I heard *Doctor Lecter*. Suddenly I snapped, all he ever talked about was *you* and the look on his face when I took him by the throat choking the life from him, he did oh try to fight back." Tobias grins finding a heavy vase on Hannibal's counter "he ran to the kitchen grabbing a knife and a sad excuse of a fighter tried to stab me."

He throws the vase at the doctor's head missing it.
"Perhaps he saw the real you.." Hannibal pockets a piece of the broken vase, "it frightened him and what you plan to kill me?"

Tobias breathes heavily, "Lecter I shall hang your guts from the ceiling, use your skull as a bowl..." With that he shouts angrily as he flings himself at Hannibal.

The doctor is knocked to the ground, with Tobias's hands wrapping tightly around his throat, with gasping for air he lifts his right hand connecting it into Tobias eye, blood spills onto him

slipping from the weight of his attacker he goes back into the kitchen grabbing the knife he used to slice vegetables with, in the shadows a dark set of antlers grew from his head. Tobias was screaming in pain, clutching his eye trying to take the piece of ceramic from it, spewing more blood. The dark substance making the wooden floors sticky and smell of fear lingers in the air, as he rounded the corner finding Tobias slowing standing as he was confused still clenching his teeth from pain.

"A rude dinner guest, I am afraid you have to leave now." Hannibal glances at the bleeding man, before finding the knife pressing it against his throat a fountain of blood exploding as Tobias gurgles choking on his own blood, it was a slow steady pace of death. He slumps forward falling to his knees.

Hannibal grips onto the knife, his fingers twitching. Frowning at his rug that was ill fated with blood upon it, he makes a note to purchase a new one, not to draw attention to it was missing. He licks his lips tempted to rip Tobias's heart and devour it whole.

A familiar feeling washes over him. The bloody mess awakens his hunger and his desire to consume the remaining parts that were left of his human side, each kill bringing him closer to his rebirth.

Not as he basked in his glorious victory he had heard the door open, nor had he seen Will returning.

Will stood his eyes fixated on the blood upon the floor, as the dogs somehow knew their master was in distress decided to standby and not investigate the blood that was spilling from the forgotten Tobias. He grips the leashes figuring this was another hallucination another dream, he would awake in Hannibal's guest bed and it would be breakfast. No, as he blinks not awakening from his hellish nightmare.

"Will. I thought you were out." Hannibal starts to walk steadily towards him, the still clutched in his grip. "You have to understand, I did not plan this." He says in a low voice, he ignores the whimpers from the dogs, who coward in Hannibal's presence.

Will shaking as he collapses his back against the wall, needing something to hold him up. "Who are you?" The words trembled off his tongue, trying to hide he was afraid that any second he was going to end up like the man with blank eyes on the floor. "Am I awake? Hannibal make it-." He stops as he lets out a cry, his head was in pain as he clutched it. He sees memories flowing in and out.

Hannibal drops the knife, reaching out to Will. "Will did you forget me?" He whispers gently, his eyes gleamed a greedy delight. "Did you forget those nights? Those promises we made while we made love? Do you remember *Macbeth*?" Hannibal finds Will's lips kissing him hungrily, he softens as Will began to kiss back, running his hands down Will's dark curls and breathing in Will's scent, although no longer ill he could still smell the lingering leftovers of its course. "My little lamb, do you remember now?" Hannibal frets breaking the kiss between the two.

Will feels as if he had just awoken from a long deep sleep, much like a monster who was awoken from his hibernation. He grins, thankful he was no longer a puppet full of false

memories. “I know who you are and what I am.” Will growls, he could smell blood and sweat mixed together as he kissed Hannibal again, as he could not stop kissing. He began to feel lightheaded.

“Now Hannibal. What do we do about that?” Will asks eager to take the man into the basement, he could picture himself taking the man’s organs out on the cold tray, he could taste the blood almost on his fingertips.

Hannibal helps him to his feet, “We go to work.” Hannibal wraps the rug with the man’s body, with little effort he places the body upon his shoulders.

Will does not notice but in the shadows the two men both had monster shapes to their shadows. From a literal fairy tale, Hannibal’s grin was razor sharp as he knew *his Will was back*.

Until it Hurts

Chapter Notes

Okay yes this chapter really sucks to me compared to the rest of this fic, but i tried...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's a sight for sore eyes as Jack circles his office glancing at the two men that sat in his office chairs, he downs his coffee tasting the old tart flavour, wishing he had something stronger. It had not even been a week since Will's release and here before him was Lecter and Graham asking if Will could resume his position as a teacher for the academy, on one hand he could tell that the facility's stomach was not strong as Will's when it came to teaching the ins and outs of a killer's mind, and the replacement for Will was wearing thin, without a doubt if Jack could wipe the slate clean allowing the young man back in *he would*. But as he looked at Will something was different, his usual messy locks were gone replaced with a slicked back look, his clothing was presentable, he even looked alive unlike his former zombie like self he had seen a weeks ago in Chilton's daycare, he seemed more at ease, his fingers tapping against his own mug of coffee with his eyes never leaving Jack. Hannibal was smiling sharing a joke by himself, as he had said barely anything besides the fact that Will was ready for his return to work. Jack sits finding himself unable to look at Will, it was almost alien to see Will so confident, he could not detect any source of the old Will, one that would stammer and stare at the floor remarking how the old stains in the carpet resembled a bird. Something like that, it had been sometime since Will had been in his office, he could only picture what everyone down stairs must of said to him as he walked in granting a visitor pass. He drums his fingertips against his old wooden desk finding the noise soothing.

"Will, what suddenly made you want to come back..I know you are still recovering from your false imprisonment of the ripper's crimes, could I ask why you are here today?" Jack says addressing the situation, "would-."

Will chuckles, setting the mug down. Catching Jack off guard. "Jack, I never killed anyone I know what's on your mind, you are scared to face it. I was a rat in a cage for months, subjected to Chilton's little mind games, and if I am correct I was thrown away by the system never to see the day of light...Freddie Lounds writing lies to everyone, the Bureau I once knew not doing a damn thing to correct these lies.." Will says haughty, holding back his razor sharp grin that desired to rip out Jack's throat. "You once called me a monster, do I look like one?" Will's demeanor changes, "All I am asking is to have my job back, not to be a hound dog for your cases, to teach again."

Jack reaches for Will's file, "If I do not hire you back? What then?"

Will sighs as if he was tired of being asked the same question over and over, "then I go to the media and expose how I was treated, you would be out of a job...can't have that can we now

Jackie?" The young man smoothly explains, having Jack grind his teeth at the sound of *Jackie*, the more aggravated he became, Jack found the urge to scream in his face to leave, instead he eyes Hannibal whose hands were folded neatly in his lap calm and unphased by the conversation.

"Will, can I ask you one thing?" Jack exhales, "I want you to work on one case before you can resume classes, it's the ripper case and I wish for you to end it, to bring the bastard to justice as for you Hannibal I assume you feel reliable for Will's care…" He trails off, looking down the mug of coffee seeing his reflection in the dark mirror.

Will and Hannibal exchange a knowing look, as the two both knew what was on the other's mind. Yet to find the "ripper" they would require a new pasty, a new plan.

Will fumbles with the zipper on his jacket, pretending to to think about the offer, his answer was already yes.

"I believe Jack that I have nothing better to do these days besides making this the last case I help you solve does not seem too bad, so my answer is yes, the ripper I shall be sure to be the one that places the handcuffs upon his wrists, the one that drags him through the doors." Will says unforgiving, his lips pressed thin.

Jack was not sure of Will's true intentions, "Will you may of been framed by the ripper..but revenge and your own vendetta won't bring justice to Abigail nor any of the other unknown victims..we want the suspect alive, if I could remind you we don't need anymore bodies on our hands." Jack reminds Will sternly, he avoids Will's eyes, something wasn't right in the man's reflection as it reflected back, it was seeing the same Will he knew since their heated debate over the name of a museum, the shy awkward man was gone, now he saw Will for who he was a broken man that was one step away from his sanity slipping. Then again he had spent time in a prison for crimes he did not commit everyone was in the wrong Jack could admit that. Wrapping up the heated conversation he stands up, "now everything you need for the case is right here," he hands Will a thick folder that had been handled numerous times, Will himself had spent long sleepless nights over crime scene photos, afternoons going over the transcripts of police reports and the autopsies of many victims, now with a clear head he could remember the livid details that these reports themselves did not contain, the way a knife slipped under the skin, the hot trail of blood that had covered his hands as he plunged his hands deeply into a man's abdomen, he could hear the gasps for air as a victim who Will saw nothing but a black void for the face, man or woman? Did it matter, in the end he always created his masterpiece.

"Thank you Jack, second chances are too rare these days." Will says thrilled to have both the FBI in his pocket once more and already he could see that his claws were deeply imbedded.

Later that evening, Will was down on his knees as the doctor was pressed against the bookcase in Hannibal's office, both men were revisiting each other's bodies after being apart for so long..Hannibal traced the old faded scars on Will's body, frowning how anyone could harm him..while Will greedily sucked Hannibal off, realising how he missed the nights when both men committed to nothing but each other, he listened in satisfaction as Hannibal relished

and moaned Will's name, cursing under his breath when he bit down on Hannibal's thigh, long enough to leave a bite wound.

Hannibal panting with ecstasy as Will deep throated his cock, He could feel the younger man trying to have the older man cum, holding himself back he grabs a fistful of Will's hair envying the fact Will's moans of pleasure were muffled by his mouth being full. Will's head jerks back as he grabs onto Hannibal's cock with his hand, jerking it slowly enough to slow Hannibal's pace. "So, is this therapy now?" Will says in a low husky voice slowing licking down the sides of the older man's cock, "if this is it, fucking before killing I am gamed."

Hannibal admires his lamb, "Will, as much as I enjoy *therapy* with you, we have some issues...Such as we need to leave Baltimore quickly and painlessly as possible." He struggled to contain his cries of pleasure, "Will, you-."

Will nods, as he sucks harder with each sentence becomes a mush of words, Hannibal without another word, finished thrusting his cock inside Will's mouth. The younger man swallowed, as he observes his lover flush a shade of red before pecking him on the lips. "I missed you." He beckons Will to his desk, "now let's clean you up, then we can go out...I believe we are running low on meat." His tone eager.
Will took a clean set of clothing putting it on, as he did so he stares at the folder of the ripper's crimes..oddly enough now that he knew the ripper was not just one person but two entwined. Will flipped through a page as Hannibal appeared behind him grabbing ahold of the file, it was on the day Will had ended Abigail seeing her as the weakest link of the three, it was not so long ago when he had seen her as a daughter sworn to protect her from any harm, but as he impaled her body onto the antlers it had felt peaceful, the constant images of death and chaos that had become white noise long ago in his inflamed brain clicked off, he relished in her cries for help, if only Hannibal had been there to help finish the job.

"Will, as you've learned in the next two weeks we must vanish. I would suggest keeping a low profile...which means we leave anyone that could expose us alone. Even though Miss Lounds is quite a nuisance we shall not harm a single hair on her head for it is too much of a risk and Jack is fragile enough we only need to disappear quickly, I already have our passports. We shall travel across Europe I believe you will love it there, sadly although Bells and Winston shall stay back with Alana…" Hannibal trails off, Will crossed his arms around his body, "Really, two weeks not a lot of time for goodbyes now…What's our grand finale?" Will says sheepishly as he polished his glasses on his shirt.

Hannibal shrugs, "my dear boy, I was not even thinking of a finale. Perhaps something that one could not recover from." Hannibal sys joyously, before pecking Will on his lips..his heart leaped as he could not believe the remarkable progress the two had made. For only a short time ago he had been in doubt that Will would want to continue their rampage in Baltimore.

Will blinks slowly as Hannibal feels another feeling invade his body, a sharp incision in his abdomen as Will dragged a letter opener upwards before removing the knife bringing him to his knees almost in pain, he stares passionately at Will licking his lips insatiably.

“Will, what are you-.” Hannibal gasps finding each word tasting like lead, Will hands him the knife nodding at him.. “What do you want me to do? Cut you like a specimen?” He laughs absurdly his laughter echoing the silent office.

“This is step one, you cut me anywhere you want...one of us calls for help and we trash the office making it seem as if the ripper attacked us, then we give Jack what he wants a pasty. It will seem more convincing for us to take a *vacation not only for our safety*, but the heat will die off us long enough that way Jack can arrange a manhunt for someone we both despise, someone that has just as much knowledge on the case but always seems to arrive at the crime scene shortly before the FBI can even start writing a report, now does it make sense?” Will says lashing out at a table lamp that crashed into hundreds of pieces, it was a light red, it looked pricey. “Sorry I’m sure we can buy a better lamp away from here.” He apologises.

Grimacing at the broken mess he runs the knife lightly across his chest “You are aware I actually liked that lamp? I paid nearly two hundred dollars for it, normally when someone is rude, they become dinner..you are lucky I love you.” Hannibal glides the letter opener into Will’s shoulder, as he shudders in Will’s mixed cries of pleasure and pain, it was almost a game.

“Love, is a strong word Hannibal…loving a monster is even more dangerous.” Will says straining, he feverishly finds his lover's lips, “very daring indeed.” He holds the back of Hannibal’s head eclipsing him in a messy kiss as they could both taste Hannibal’s blood.

As Will could still function he knocked over more furniture before so, Hannibal phoned the police feeling his blood trickling down staining his carpet..

As items crashed and blood was spilled, Hannibal dialed for help fighting an urge to laugh as the situation began to unfold.

Two rings then followed by a nasally man answering, “Hello, this is 911 what is your emergency?”

“My friend and I have been attacked, while we were researching a case.” Hannibal cried out in agony, “please hurry, I am losing blood quickly.” He stutters.

The 911 operator remains calm as he asks the basic questions Hannibal answered quickly, “now we have sent a unit, do you know who attacked you?” Hannibal can hear the man typing fast away on a computer, “sir? Are you still with us?”

“Yes I do, it was a woman.”

“Can you tell me her name, what she looks like, and if she is still at your location?”

Hannibal gasps as if he were short of breath, “Freddie Lounds, she I believe was trying to sabotage our case, we were very close to a placing the pieces together, when she arrived without warning. I am now aware that Miss Lounds may have something to do with this case.” He curls his lips in menacing smile, as the sirens approached closer he parted ways with the helpful operator before thanking him. Will sat on the floor trying to look as convincing as possible, Hannibal wondering what the lamb had in store for the two.

Chapter End Notes

I am super sorry, like I haven't had time to update in such a long time! I had not been able to even write a basic sentence and once more I have been super busy at my job, and honestly this has taken so SO long to even write, I have been writing this since 2014!!! Which is absurd, but regardless thanks to everyone that has stuck by...I will try to finish this before 2017 haha, but thanks for the kudos and support network I have!!

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